

# Troilus and Cressida.

Before the belching Whale; then is he yonder,  
And there the straying Greekes, ripe for his edge,  
Fall downe before him, like the mowers swath;  
Here, there, and euery where, he leaues and takes;  
Dexteritie so obaying appetite,  
That what he will, he does, and does so much,  
That prooffe is call'd impossibility.

Enter Vlisses.

Vliss. Oh, courage, courage Princes: great Achilles  
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance;  
Patroclus wounds haue rouz'd his drowzie bloud,  
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,  
That noselesse, handlelesse, hackt and chipt, come to him;  
Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,  
And foames at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it:  
Roaring for Troilus; who hath done to day,  
Mad and fantastick execution;  
Engaging and redeeming of himselfe,  
With such a carelesse force, and forcelesse care,  
As if that luck in very spight of cunning, bad him win all.

Enter Ajax.

Aia. Troilus, thou coward Troilus.

Exit.

Dio. I, there, there.

Nest. So, so, we draw together.

Exit.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Where is this Hector?

Come, come, thou boy-queller, shew thy face:

Know what it is to meete Achilles angry.

Hector, wher's Hector? I will none but Hector.

Exit.

Enter Ajax.

Aia. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, shew thy head.

Enter Diomed.

Dio. Troilus, I say, wher's Troilus?

Aia. What would'st thou?

Dio. I would correct him.

Aia. Were I the Generall,

Thou should'st haue my office,

Ere that correction: Troilus I say, what Troilus?

Enter Troilus.

Troy. Oh traitour Diomed!

Turne thy false face thou traitor,

And pay thy life thou owest me for my horse.

Dio. Ha, art thou there?

Aia. He fight with him alone, stand Diomed.

Dio. He is my prize, I will not looke vpon.

Troy. Come both you coging Greekes, haue at you

both. Exit Troilus.

Enter Hector.

Hect. Yea Troilus? O well fought my youngest Brother.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Now doe I see thee; haue at thee Hector.

Hect. Pause if thou wilt.

Achil. I doe disdain thy curtesie, proud Trojan;

Be happy that my armes are out of vse;

My rest and negligence befriends thee now,

But thou shalt heare of me againe:

Till when, goe seeke thy fortune.

Exit.

Hect. Fare thee well.

I would haue bene much more a fresher man,

Had I expected thee: how now my Brother?

Enter Troilus.

Troy. Ajax hath rane Aeneas; shall it be?

No, by the flame of yonder glorious heauen,

He shall not carry him: He be rane too,

Or bring him off: Fate heare me what I say;

I wreake nor, though thou end my life to day.

Enter one in Armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greeke,

Thou art a goodly marke:

No? wilt thou not? I like thy armour well,

He frush it, and vnlocke the rivets all,

But He be maister of it: wilt thou nor best abide?

Why then flye on, He hunt thee for thy hide.

Enter Achilles with Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me you my Myrmidons:

Marke what I say; attend me where I wheele:

Strike not a stroake, but keepe your selues in breath;

And when I haue the bloody Hector found,

Empale him with your weapons round about:

In fellest maner execute your arme.

Follow me firs, and my proceedings eye;

It is decreed, Hector the great must dye.

Enter Therites, Menelaus, and Paris.

Ther. The Cuckold and the Cuckold maker are at it:

now bull, now dogge, lowe; Paris lowe; now my double

hen'd sparrow; lowe Paris, lowe; the bull has the

game: ware hornes ho?

Exit Paris and Menelaus.

Enter Bastard.

Bast. Turne slaue and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Bast. A Bastard Sonne of Priams.

Ther. I am a Bastard too, I loue Bastards, I am a Ba-

stard begor, Bastard instructed, Bastard in minde, Bastard

in valour, in euery thing illegitimate: one Beare will not

bite another, and wherefore should one Bastard? take

heede, the quarrel's most ominous to vs: if the Sonne of a

whore fight for a whore, he tempts iudgement: farewell

Bastard.

Bast. The diuell take thee coward.

Exit.

Enter Hector.

Hect. Most putrified core so faire without:

Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.

Now is my daies worke done; He take good breath:

Rest Sword, thou hast thy fill of bloud and death.

Enter Achilles and his Myrmidons.

Achil. Looke Hector how the Sunne begins to set;

How vgly night comes breathing at his heeles,

Euen with the vaile and darking of the Sunne.

To close the day vp, Hectors life is done.

Hect. I am vnarm'd, forgoe this vantage Greeke.

Achil. Strike fellowes, strike, this is the man I seeke.

So Ilion fall thou: now Troy sinke downe;

Here lyes thy heart, thy sinewes, and thy bone.

On Myrmidons, cry you all a maine,

Achilles hath the mighty Hector slaine.

Retreat.

Harke, a retreat vpon our Grecian part.

Gree. The Trojan Trumpets sounds the like my Lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of night ore-spreads the earth

And stickler-like the Armies seperates

My halfe supt Sword, that frankly would haue fed,

Pleas'd with this dainy bed; thus goes to bed.

Come, tye his body to my horses tayle;

Along the field, I will the Trojan traile.

Exit.

Sound Retreat. Shout.

Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Nestor,

Diomed, and the rest marching.

Ag. Harke, harke, what shout is that?

Nest. Peace Drums.

Sol. Achil.

# Troilus and Cressida.

Sold. Achilles, Achilles, Hector's slaine, Achilles.

Dio. The bruite is, Hector's slaine, and by Achilles.

Aia. If it be so, yet braglesse let it be:

Great Hector was a man as good as he.

Agam. March patiently along; let one be sent

To pray Achilles see vs at our Tent.

If in his death the gods haue vs befrended,

Great Troy is ours, and our sharpe wars are ended.

Exit.

Enter Aeneas, Paris, Anthenor and Deiphobus.

Aene. Stand hoe, yet are we maisters of the field,

Neuer goe home; here starue we out the night.

Enter Troilus.

Troy. Hector is slaine.

Ach. Hector? the gods forbid.

Troy. Hee's dead: and at the murderers Horses taile,

In beastly sort, drag'd through the shamefull Field:

Frowne on you heauens, effect your rage with speede:

Sit gods vpon your throanes, and smile at Troy.

I lay at once, let your brieue plagues be mercy,

And linger not our sure destructions on.

Aene. My Lord, you doe discomfort all the Hoste.

Troy. You vnderstand me not, that tell me so:

I doe not speake of flight, of feare, of death,

But dare all imminence that gods and men,

Address their dangers in. Hector is gone:

Who shall tell Priam so? or Hecuba?

Let him that will a screechoule aye be call'd,

Goe in to Troy, and say there, Hector's dead:

There is a word will Priam turne to stone;

Make wels, and Niobes of the maides and wiues;

Coolle statues of the youth: and in a word,

Scare Troy out of it selfe. But march away,

Hector is dead: there is no more to say.

FINIS.

